National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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"SIEGE OF CORINTH."

Halleck's Snail-like Approach to the Rebel Stronghold.

TWO MILES A DAY

Over a Perfectly Unobstructed Road.

FIGHT AT FARMINGTON.

Phil Sheridan Takes Part in His First Raid.

BY MAJ.-GEN. JOHN POPE, U. S. A.

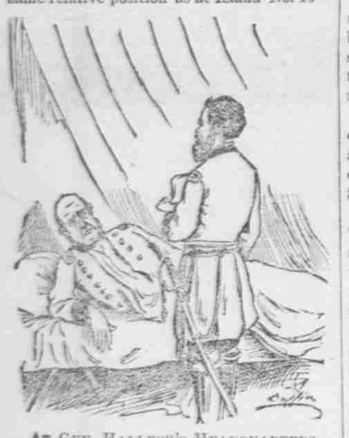
I.

THE moment Island No. 10 was in our hands, it became necessary to consider what was next to be done. Whilst the operations there were going on the enemy had fortified Fort Pillow and garrisoned it strongly. In a few days after the capture of the Island, the surrendered prisoners had been sent to the rear, and boats on which to embark my command for the work at Fort Pillow had begun to arrive from above. At the end of a week we were ready to move. About 30 steamboats, big and little, had been sent us, and on these the troops were embarked. When all was ready Commodore Foote with his gunboats took the lead, and the great convoy of steamers followed, each brigade and division being kept together and following in the order assigned them. It was a grand sight, this great fleet descending the great river, and loaded with men and munitions of war. The health of the command was excellent and their

SPIRITS BORDERING ON THE BOISTEROUS.

They had been supremely successful, and had sustained no loss in achieving great results. They believed themselves capable of anything, and longed for the opportunity to show it.

We arrived in front of Fort Pillow on the 14th of April. The gunboats took up the same relative position as at Island No. 10—



AT GEN. HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS.

that is, out of sight—and again began to fire at long range, and with as little effect. It was plain at once that some such operations as at Island No. 10 would have to be repeated by the land forces, and that the same long delay and extremely hazardous crossing of the river must be expected. I do not think it can be claimed by the Confederates that they made a vigorous defense of the line of the Mississippi. I believe it to have been their strongest line of defense, and have often wondered that they did not assign more force to that work. Feeble as the resistance was, it was recognized that every point they did maintain along the river needed to be reduced by long and hazardous operations.

As I foresaw at Fort Pillow the same delays and difficulties as we had met at Island No. 10, and as also I did not know the necessity of troops elsewhere which might make it unwise to involve so large a force as I had in such protracted operations, I telegraphed to Gen. Halleck the situation and all the circumstances, and received an order from him to leave a small detachment with the gunboats to occupy any position they might capture, and with my whole force to proceed as rapidly as possible up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing. I left two Indiana regiments, under command of Col. Fitch, with the fleet, and at once started up the river with the rest of my troops. Commodore Foote objected very much to my leaving, but I thought then, and still think, that it was the best disposition to make of my command.

I do not suppose there was ever a happier or more jolly and self-satisfied body of men in the world than the Army of the Mississippi as it steamed up the Mississippi with flags flying and bands playing from nearly all of the steamers in this grand procession. It was altogether

THE MOST INSPIRING SIGHT

I ever witnessed, and I do not think that any portion of that command ever afterward experienced quite the same feelings or to the same degree as they did during the five days spent in steaming up the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee to Pittsburg Landing. Gen. Payne's adventure at Paducah furnished us with amusement for the voyage up the Tennessee.

Old Capt. White, an old steamboat man, and president of the steamboat company which supplied our transportation, and the owner of most of the boats, happened to be on a boat coming down the Tennessee while the boats containing Payne and his division were lying against the bank. In trying to make a landing, Capt. White's boat drifted against the boat on which Payne was with his headquarters, and stove in the lower guards of that boat, without really doing any considerable damage. Payne sent a guard to bring to his presence the Captain of the offending boat, and the guard marched old Capt. White on to Payne's boat a prisoner. Payne assailed him with language of more power than piety, and it appeared for a time that the old Captain was to be drawn and quartered at the least. Payne, however, after expending much indignant invective, decided that Capt. White must pay at once to the Captain of his (Payne's) boat the full amount of the damage done by what he was pleased to call the old Captain's d——d stupidity and carelessness. Under Payne's orders the Captain of his boat (an employe of Capt. White, who also owned the boat) proceeded gravely to assess the damage at $50. Payne, in complete ignorance of Capt. White's relation to these boats and their Captains, and too impatient to listen to any explanation, ordered Capt. White to pay over then and there $50 to his Captain, assuring him that if he did not pay the money down, he would be carried up the river a prisoner in irons. Capt. White, with a perfectly serious face, borrowed the money from the Captain to whom he was to pay it, and who received it back with a countenance equally grave, and Payne sailed off with

A CHUCKLE OF SATISFACTION,

often repeated, that he had executed condign punishment on a refractory steamboat Captain. I do not think anybody ever undeceived him.

The Tennessee is a narrow and, on its lower course, a sluggish stream, with low banks and rank bottom-land vegetation on both sides of it. It looks like the home, or rather the breeding place, of fever and ague, and indeed all forms of intermittent disease. It had fallen a good deal within a few weeks, but even when we ascended it the water was so high that from the deck of the steamer we could overlook the whole country for many miles.

At length, on the night of the 21st of April, we reached Pittsburg Landing, and I reported in person to Gen. Halleck, my troops being kept on the boats until it was known where we should disembark. I climbed the steep bank at the landing in soft, tenacious clay so deep that I was in danger every moment of having my boots dragged off my feet; indeed, it was only by the greatest care that I avoided such a catastrophe. Boots in those days by no means grew on trees.

I found Gen. Halleck in a tent planted in the mud, and lying on a cot with as wobegone a countenance as I ever saw. After some conversation I returned to my steamer to wait till morning and learn our destination.

As a result of the battle of Shiloh, the enemy's force fell back to Corinth, Miss., about 25 miles, and there fortified. Whatever may be said or thought of the battle of Shiloh, one thing can be certainly asserted,

IT WAS NOT A DECISIVE BATTLE.

The army which made the attack was not successful; but neither was the army that was attacked left in any condition to advance until it was largely reinforced and resupplied. One entire month the two armies, one at Shiloh Church, the other at Corinth, scarcely out of sight of each other, watched and waited, neither even threatening an advance. The question as to which army should advance first appeared to be simply a question of which should be reinforced first, and to what relative extent. With such an outcome so long continued it would hardly be justifiable to say that either side achieved decisive results.

Gen. Halleck in person joined the army, which then consisted of the Army of the Tennessee, under Gen. Grant, and the Army of the Ohio, commanded by Gen. Buell. The regiments engaged at Shiloh were being collected together and reorganized, but it was some days before order was restored and the men all returned to their colors. Practically the camps occupied almost the exact positions of the troops during battle, and it may certainly be said that more uncomfortable quarters have seldom been occupied by troops. The deep, tenacious mud made it difficult to walk even a few yards from the tents, and the atrocious and sickening smells arising from a battlefield where the dead—both men and horses—had of necessity been thrown into shallow trenches and barely covered over, so poisoned the atmosphere that no air could be breathed not contaminated by this horrible effluvium of animal decomposition.

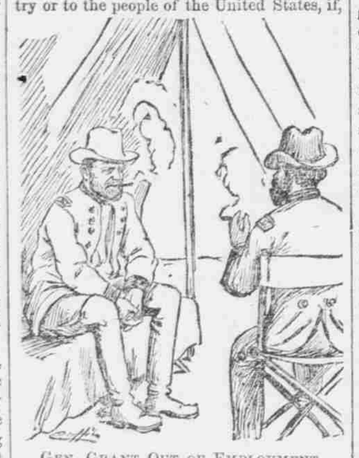
It is also certain that the feeling of the troops encamped on this dismal burying-ground was far from pleasant or satisfactory. Indeed, when I arrived there, two weeks after the battle (April 21), there was still great bitterness of feeling and of expression, and I myself met no one who seemed to be satisfied.

The morning after I reached Pittsburg Landing I was instructed by Gen. Halleck to proceed up the river three miles to the little village of Hamburg, and there disembark my command. I accordingly landed there early in the day and posted my command in camp in front of the town. The country was still muddy everywhere, but the roads were quite practicable for the

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS

from the time I landed at Hamburg to the end of the operations against Corinth.

My small army consisted of about 25,000 men of all arms. We landed at Hamburg, and a more effective and willing force never was marshaled in arms. On my immediate right, and on the other side of a deep, miry creek, was Buell's Army of the Ohio, in splendid condition and spirits, as I was told by his officers. Beyond him lay the Army of the Tennessee, which had fought the battle of Shiloh until dark of the first day. I did not for some time have the opportunity to visit either of the armies on my right, and before I did so the Army of the Tennessee had been divided into two and Gen. Grant removed from the command of it and given merely the nominal position of "second in command." Although I saw Gen. Grant several times, both in his own camp and in mine, he never alluded to his anomalous position nor complained to me of the action of Gen. Halleck. That he had little or nothing to do, I knew from the fact that he came more than once to my tent and spent almost the entire day there, sitting about and lying on a cot. Those were the days in which he talked of resigning, and, indeed, determined to do so. What might have been the outcome had he carried out his intention, it is hardly worth while to try to forecast. No man living is essential to any Administration in this country or to the people of the United States, if,



GEN. GRANT OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

indeed, he is to any Government or any people; and it is a fact, which no man in this country will seriously dispute, that we might cut off the heads of the highest officials of the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments of the Government with extremely little injury or embarrassment in carrying on the business of the country. Fortunately for Gen. Grant himself he did not resign, but lived to achieve fame and high place in the defense of his Government and in the esteem of his countrymen.

I never could understand the long delay in our advance on Corinth. Certainly my troops, and I feel sure that those of both the armies on my right also, were as able and ready

TO MARCH ON CORINTH

the day after I landed at Hamburg, as at any time afterward. Two days would easily have brought us to the positions it took us five weeks to reach. Outside of Corinth the enemy practically had nothing. Our smallest scouting parties met with but trifling resistance anywhere, nor was there any obstruction to our advance offered by the enemy until after we occupied a line within three or four miles of the town.

We moved forward two or three miles at a time, but no steady or continuous movement to the front was made at all. I did not then and do not now know either why we moved when we did, nor why we halted after making two or three miles. Certainly the reason was not to be found in anything the enemy did or even threatened to do. It was understood that we had an effective army of not much, if any, less than a hundred thousand men. It was not believed that the enemy in and around Corinth had more than half that number, if so much. As we afterward learned, our army rather exceeded the strength I have mentioned, whilst that of the enemy was somewhat less than our estimate. I heard a good deal said about the demoralization of some portions of our army and the necessity of proceeding slowly, so as to give time to restore confidence, but certainly I never saw any of the demoralization spoken of, nor did I ever hear anything of the kind from anyone belonging to the troops which were reported "to lack confidence." What amount of intrenching, if any, was done by the troops on my right I do not know, although I heard a good deal about that also. Nothing of the kind was done by the troops under my command, nor did there appear any sort of necessity for it. There seemed, however, to be in the air, coming from somewhere, the impression that we must, above all, certainly "not bring on" a general engagement, and this notion prevailed to the last. Why we were not to

BRING ON A GENERAL ENGAGEMENT

no one seemed to know. We had all the troops we needed for a general engagement with the enemy, and we expected no more. A general engagement was, as I supposed, precisely what we wanted and had come there to seek, and certainly a general engagement with the enemy brought on outside of his intrenchments at Corinth was far more desirable and likely to be more successful than an attack on his fortified position. Whatever may have been the reason, I was myself cautioned more than once against bringing on a general engagement.

We continued, therefore, to saunter along slowly and irregularly until the 3d of May, about two weeks after I landed at Hamburg, by which time the advance of my command had reached a point within five miles of Corinth—that is, about 25 miles from Hamburg—an average rate of less than two miles a day, along an entirely unobstructed road. On the 3d of May, however, finding myself near the village of Farmington, which stands on high ground, overlooking quite an expanse of country in our front, I advanced Payne's Division rapidly upon it, supporting his advance with my whole force. The enemy occupied the village in considerable force. The roads which led from it conducted to Corinth and to the enemy's left from several directions, and it was therefore a position of considerable consequence. Payne advanced promptly and rapidly to the attack, and after a sharp skirmish carried the position handsomely, and the enemy fell back hastily toward Corinth, four miles distant, leaving their tents and baggage and 30 men killed on the field. Our cavalry followed the retreating enemy toward Corinth, whilst Payne, with the greater part of his division, pushed south to the Memphis & Charleston Railroad about two miles, and tore up some of the track.

His command drew back to the north side of a small but miry stream about two miles behind Farmington, and the next day my whole force moved forward to the same ground. This movement brought my whole army within five miles of Corinth and less than half that distance of the outer earthworks of the enemy.

From the 3d to the 8th of May I awaited in my camps to be informed that the troops on my right were

AGAIN READY TO ADVANCE,

but on that day (May 8) I again occupied Farmington. From there I pushed reconnoissances toward Corinth on two roads, with the purpose to develop their works, which was satisfactorily done along our front. No considerable resistance was encountered. My army was, however, again drawn back to its camps, as I was informed that the troops on my right were not yet ready to move forward, and I must not bring on a general engagement. However, I left one brigade, under Gen. I. N. Palmer, about one mile north of Farmington. It is well to say here that the country between Corinth and the Tennessee River is drained by numerous small streams, which put into the Tennessee, and that the streams are lined with swamps on both sides, and that both beds and banks are boggy and miry. These swamps and streams are passed by corduroy roads.

On the morning of May 9 the enemy sallied from Corinth in heavy force with the purpose of beating or checking my corps, which they supposed to be considerably in advance of, and separated from, the main body of the army. It happened that Palmer's Brigade was in the act of being relieved by Plummer's Brigade when the enemy made his attack, so that we had eight regiments on the ground. As these regiments were full of spirit and anxious to meet the enemy, they accepted battle with a force at least three times larger than their own. The action was very severe, and continued the greater part of the day. My whole command was drawn out and ready and anxious, from the moment the fight begun, to push forward to join the battle, but I was forbidden by Gen. Halleck positively to advance at all, and instructed that if the enemy pressed Palmer's force too heavily to withdraw it. Finding about 5 o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy had succeeded in turning Palmer's flanks, and being forbidden myself to go to his support, I withdrew the two brigades to the north side of the stream, where the enemy did not venture to follow him. Both Palmer's Brigade and my whole corps were greatly dissatisfied with this outcome.

I received during the afternoon a message from Gen. Palmer, in answer to my inquiry whether he could hold his ground until night, that he "could hold his position against the 'world, the flesh and the devil.'" He did not exactly do that, but he came near enough to justify the expression. Another long delay before we again made an advance succeeded these events. About the 25th of May

I AGAIN OCCUPIED FARMINGTON

with my whole command, and by order of Gen. Halleck threw up some lines of intrenchment in front of the town. The whole army under Gen. Halleck was at this time well closed up, and the three wings about equal distance from Corinth—Sherman on the extreme right, Buell in the center and I on the left.

The place was thus completely invested on three sides. Unfortunately the south side still remained open. On the 27th, in order to break up communication with Corinth from the South, I organized and sent out the first cavalry raid ever made by our troops, or, I think, the Confederates, and as it was well conducted and as successful as any such raids ever were, I recount it in detail. It is interesting, too, as the first record of Gen. Sheridan as a commander of troops during the war. The force designated to make the raid consisted of two regiments of cavalry—the 2d Iowa, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Edward Hatch, and the 2d Mich. Cav., under Col. P. H. Sheridan, who had been appointed its Colonel only a few days before; the whole force numbering about 1,000 men, and commanded by Col. William L. Elliott, who was the Colonel of the 2d Iowa and also a Captain in the Regular Army. His subsequent successful and honorable career in the army is well known. The orders to Col. Elliott were that he should proceed by roundabout and unusual routes to a point whence he could descend upon the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, 40 miles south of Corinth, and destroy as much of the track and as

MANY BRIDGES AS POSSIBLE;

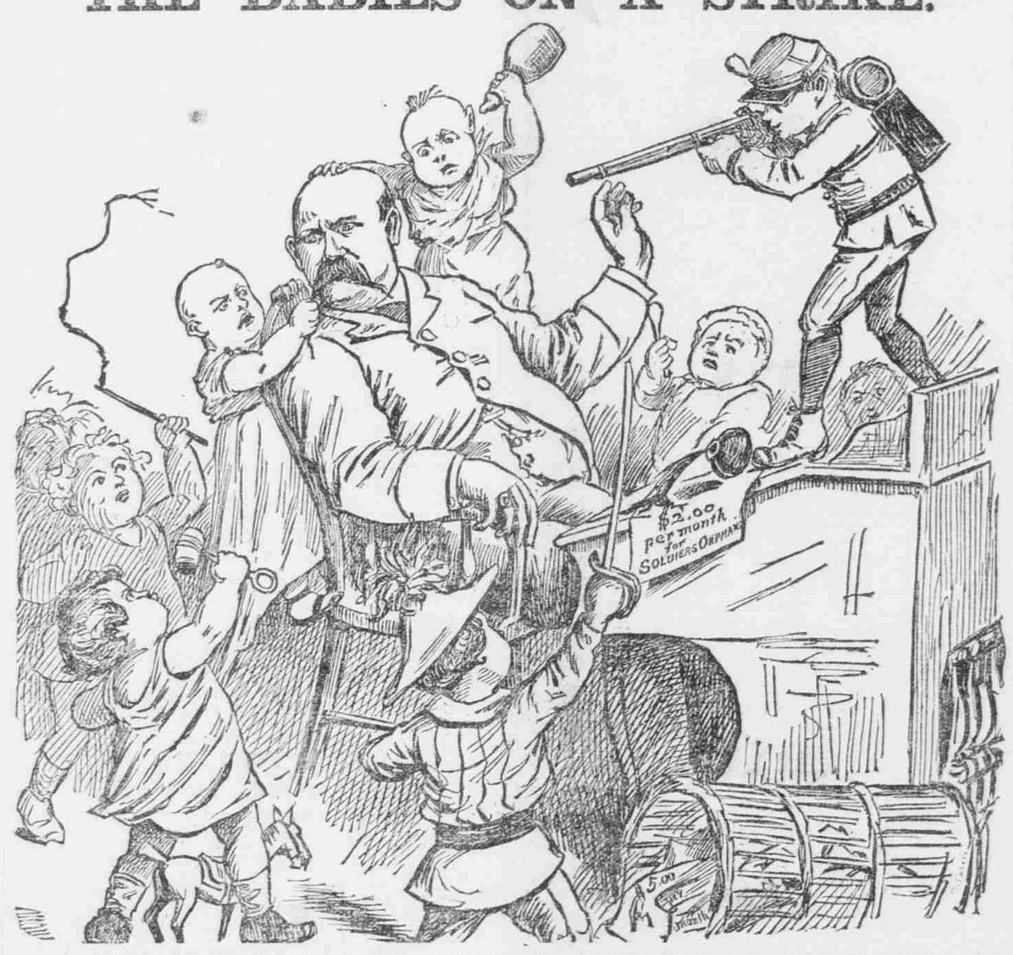
indeed, to do all the damage he could to the road, so as to break up its use by the enemy either to receive reinforcements or retreat by it.

At 11 o'clock on the night of May 27 this raiding party left my camp, and going east crossed the Memphis & Charleston Railroad about five milas east of Iuka. Small parties of the enemy's cavalry were met, but they were driven off or captured, and Elliott's command was fairly on its way, unknown to the enemy at Corinth, as well as to most of the army from which it was detached. They encamped [illegible] t night just south of Jacinto, when, t[illegible] more to the south, Elliott approacl[illegible] Mobile & Ohio Road near Baldwin a[illegible] on the 29th. There he found that t[illegible]y a force of the enemy for him to deal s[illegible]as posted at Baldwin to protect th[illegible]ge and treatlework at that place, and he pushed on therefore to Booneville, within a mile of which he arrived just before daylight on the 30th. The command halted and waited for daylight, making neither noise nor fires. Meantime small parties were sent quietly to cut the telegraph wires both north and south of Booneville.

At dawn of day the troops moved into Booneville deployed in line of battle. No enemy was found, and Elliott accordingly proceeded to destroy the railroad and all the military stores he could lay his hands on. One locomotive hauling a train of 25 freight cars loaded with arms, ammunition, military stores, etc.; platform cars carrying one iron and two brass field-pieces; large depot filled with military stores of all sorts, including a large amount of fixed ammunition, were burnt up. Two culverts and more than a mile of the track were also destroyed. By this raid we secured, among other things, nine or ten locomotives and 100 freight cars, which were afterward used to our great benefit north of Corinth. Between 1,500 and 2,000 convalescent sick were made prisoners, but at once released on parole. After destroying everything that could be used by the enemy, the command started on its return march, and passing through Iuka rejoined us on the 31st of May. This detachment of cavalry marched 200 miles and worked much injury to the enemy, with loss of one man killed and five captured. The whole affair reflected great credit on all engaged in it.

[*To be continued.*]

THE BABIES ON A STRIKE.



Chorus of Veterans' Orphans: "Col. Matson! Col. Matson, we're on a strike! We've stood $2 a month and skim-milk just as long as we can. We're not Chinese, nor Poles, nor Bohemians, but young Americans—children of American fathers; and we demand to be reared as American children ought to be. Do your duty as an American Congressman, and give us enough to support us properly."

MEMORIAL DAY, 1888.

[Veterans in line, 30,500; graves decorated, 34,778.—Report of Department of Ohio, G.A.R., for May 30, 1887.]

BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

Comrades and brothers, soon shall we all
Join the majority.
Those who went up from Bull Run,
In the first throes of rebellion;
Those who went up from Antietam;
Up from the Wilderness, Marye's Hights, Chancellorsville;
Those who went up from Cold Harbor,
The dire Chickahominy swamps, and from Richmond;
Up from the Petersburg mines and from Gettysburg;
Those who gave sign for sign, signal for signal,
Heroes and patriots, aye, and our kinsmen.

Those who went up from Fort Donelson,
Shiloh and storied Stone River;
Those who stood barefoot and famished
In the sore siege before Knoxville;
Scaled Mission Ridge, stormed Mount Lookout,
Fell on the slopes of Resaca;
Ninety days under the lightnings
That thrust their forked tongues through Atlanta;
Those who encamped before Vicksburg,
Set their proud flags on her bulwarks;
Ran the Red River with Banks;
Fought through the midnight at Franklin;
Swore by "Pap" Thomas; sent flying
The eagles of Sherman through Georgia.

Those who went up from mid-ocean,
Manning the guns of the Monitor;
Scoured round the Gulf to New Orleans,
Ran the blockades before Vicksburg;
Silenced the war dogs of Wagner,
Moultrie and Sullivan's Island;
Fought under Dahlgren and Porter;
Sighted the guns under Farragut,
Lashed to the mast before Mobile;
Sepulchered in the Weehauken, Patapsco, ill-fated Housatonic,
With monuments never, nor markers,
But the white caps of ocean raised o'er them.

Those who went heartbroke from Libby,
Grieving for home and freedom;
Heartbroke from Belle Isle and Florence,
Andersonville and Salisbury;
Wan-eyed and weary and wasted,
Choosing there death to dishonor;
Thousands unnamed and unnumbered,
Daring the death-line and falling
Faceward to home-land and heaven;
Martyrs and prophecies proven
Of a perpetual Republic.

Comrades and brothers, soon shall we all
Join the majority.
Thomas, McClellan and Meade,
Hancock and cavalry Custer;
Garfield and Burnside and Steedman,
And Logan, the peer of the peerless;
Grant, the great Captain of Peace,
Transfigured on Mountain McGregor;
Gone and fast going, our leaders,
Pillars and pride of the Union.
Aye, and the men who returned with them,
Out of the fire and the fury,
Out of the craters of conflict,
Crippled, and scarred, and dismembered;
Those who go up in the anguish,
Waiting on war and its heritage;
Up from the almshouse and alley,
Up from the taunts of the craven;
Patriots all, going to join the majority.

Comrades and brothers, soon shall we all
Join the majority.
Come with your laurels and palms,
And fair immortelles to heap o'er them.
Come with your tears and your tributes;
Strew honied phrases above them.
Come with your sons and your daughters,
Your youths and your beautiful maidens.
Say to them: "Here are the men
Who loved you, and saved you, and died for you."
So shall the Union they wrought
Live in the hearts of the people,
In the sons full of valor and strength,
In the daughters of beauty and promise;
In the splendor of flower and fruition,
That follows the storm's desolation;
When we in our low-spreading tents,
Dear comrades and brothers,
Have answered the final tattoo,
And joined the majority.

The Novelist of Passion.

[*Chicago News.*]

A delicate, ethereal, gossamer-clad girl stole furtively into the dining-room of the St. Charles Hotel at Richmond the other morning and sank languidly into a chair. A swarthy Ethiope, bedewed and panting, approached. She met his deferential bow of recognition with a wan smile.

"Beefsteak, mutton chops, fried liver and fowl," he whispered hoarsely. His tones, suppressed as pent-up agony itself, bore an awful meaning to the beauteous maiden's ear.

"Never," cried the unhappy girl, folding her shapely arms across her billowy bosom. "Sooner shall I die and feed writhing worms than harbor your base proposition. Know, William Johnson, and know it once for all, that in this virgin breast burns and surges and heaves, with the tiger fury of volcanic fires, an all-pervading, all-devouring, all-consuming, brain-toppling, and soul-rending passion for cold boiled beans."

It was none other than Miss Amelie Rives.

A Lesson in Natural History.

[*Tid-Bits.*]

At the Zoo—Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage)—How mean! Here we've been 20 minutes and the hyena hasn't laughed once!

Ella—Strange, and he's been eyeing your new Spring hat, too!

A Boy Spy in Dixie.

Service Under the Shadow of the Hangman's Noose.

BALLOON SERVICE.

More Explanation of the Signal Code.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Something that the Whole World Can Talk In.

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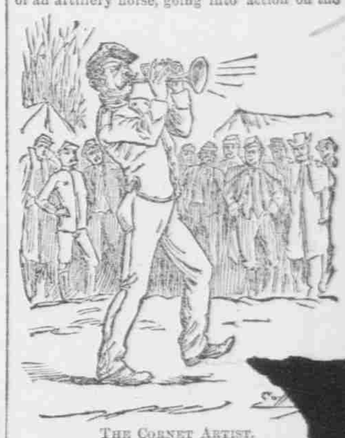
HERE was no active movement of the army or of myself in my peculiar sphere as a scout or spy, excepting an occasional ride with the cavalry to the flank on the upper Rappahannock, during these Winter months after Burnside's stick in the mud, until just before and during the engagement at Chancellorsville. I was then detailed to go with Gen. Stoneman on his celebrated raid behind Gen. Lee, and we did go to the James River, above or west of Richmond. But I will not anticipate. I will first briefly explain some of the more interesting incidents which occurred to me in the meantime.

The wintry midnight sentry duty which I have tried to describe while waiting and watching for an opportunity to get my decoy work over the river left with me a memento in the shape of a half-frozen foot, that for some years after served to remind me of the occurrence by twinges of sharp pain.

Feeling satisfied from the talk of the rebel officer that my private "sweetheart" letter

"UP IN A BALLOON."

which contained the decoy intelligence would be properly delivered, I was glad enough to be relieved from duty on that picket-line. I was so cold and so stiff in my bundle of clothing that when I got back to camp it was actually necessary to lift me from the horse to the dug-out. The fire, instead of making me comfortable, only served to increase or intensify my agony. For awhile I suffered fully as great pain as if I had been shot and my lower limbs amputated. There are other ways of getting disabled in war than by being shot. The "deadly saddle," as President Cleveland facetiously observes, did, in fact, seriously disable a great many brave men. I should like to see Mr. Cleveland mounted on a good horse, going at a break-neck speed over an old field on a charge, and the horse meet an "obstacle" and stop short. The President would understand after such an experience as this just how deadly a McClellan saddle becomes. Or if, as a rider of an artillery horse, going into action on the



THE CORNET ARTIST.

jump, the wheel struck a stump and flew up in the air, whirling at the rate of a thousand revolutions a minute, he would think then that the world was turned upside down, as he would probably lay spilled out of his "deadly saddle."

For a day or so after the experience on the river, which I have just related, I was under the care of the headquarters Surgeon, or, more correctly speaking, my friend, the Hospital Steward. It was while lying around under his care that the signs around headquarters indicated that "something was up." We boys around headquarters were not exactly corps commanders, but we could usually tell, even if we were not consulted, when anything special was going on, by the activity of the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments. Their extra requisitions always meant something; just what we could not tell at the time, but were on the lookout to discover.

Then another indication which I was always